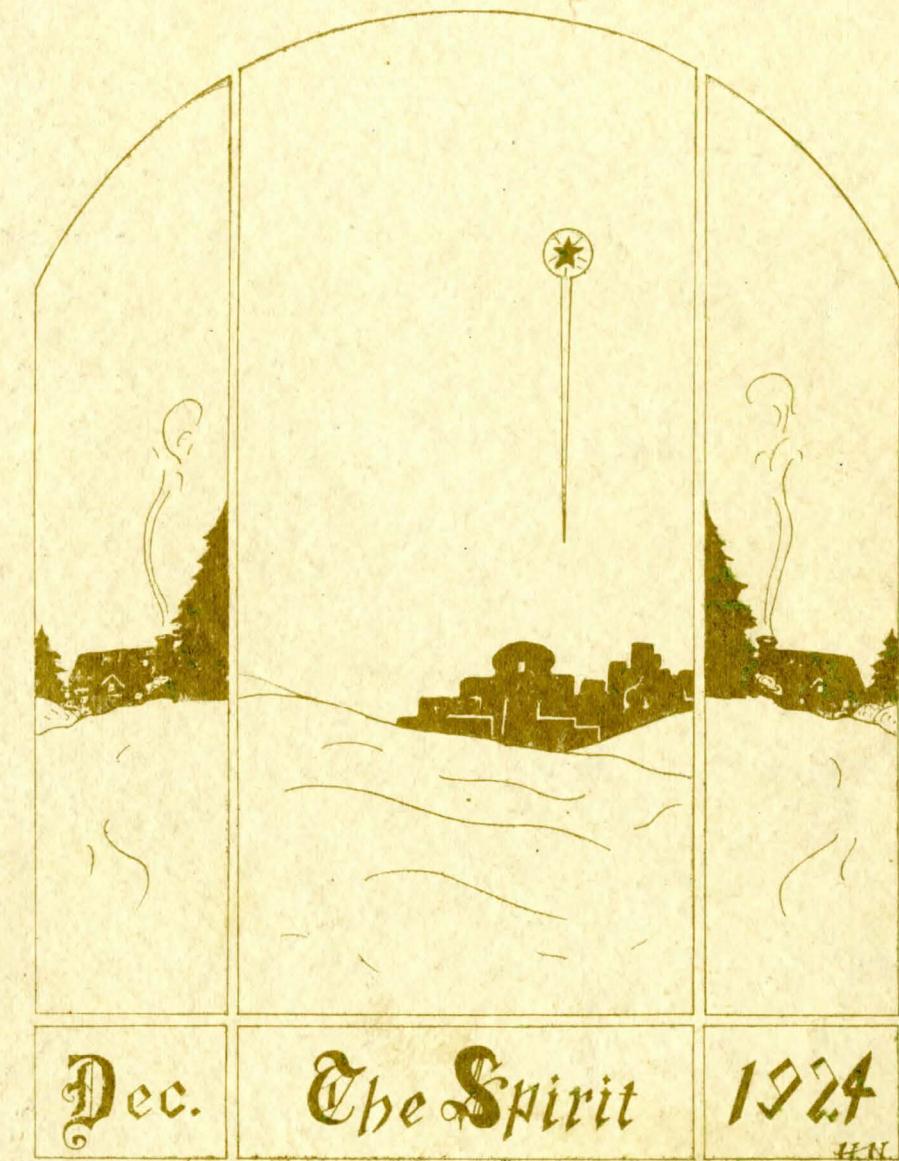


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THE SPIRIT



VOL. XIV

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

No. 1

\$1.75 a Year

DECEMBER, 1924

25c a Copy

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EDITOR'S PAGE

AMES HIGH STUDENT COUNCIL

What do you people think of the Ames High Student Council? Is it just what it ought to be or is there something lacking? Are you satisfied with the decisions it makes or not? If you are not satisfied tell us about it and let us know our weaknesses. We are all human and through your cooperation we will get along better.

On the other hand if you people think it is all right why not get behind it more and push for a better high school. Stay out of the halls and go either to your classroom or to the auditorium. Don't gang up around your favorite radiator between periods. Also don't monopolize the stairs and talk to your friend; save it for a rainy day. Remember those lockers of yours. They aren't waste baskets and shouldn't be treated as such. If these things interest you try to ACT accordingly. GET GOING!

—Jack Graves, '26.

MUSIC IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

How many years before 1924 have we ever had a band on an athletic field? None. We owe all of this to Mr. Stearns. Some of you people don't know what a band means to a player. It is every bit the same as a yell. It lets you know that the old school is back of you.

When have we ever had an orchestra like this year? Again we must answer, "Never." Glee clubs, too? "Never."

Also we must thank Mr. Stearns for our High School Song, one that every high school doesn't have. Here it is:

Students of Ames Senior High,
Proud of our school are we,
Cheering the Orange and Black
On to the victory, Rah! Rah!
Comrades in work and in play,
Loyal and true we'll be,
Doing our best for our high school,
Ames Hi, Aims High.

ADVERTISING

As you glance through this Literary issue think of the people who have made it possible for us to have so fine an edition of the Spirit come out at this time. For the benefit of a few, who do not get what I am pointing at, I mean THE BUSINESS MAN. He is the one person who makes this possible.

You say "How"? It is simply this. He gives the ads which you will find scattered through this book. This is the answer to your question. And by this token he shows that he is behind the Staff when they try to put out an edition.

Some of you folks may take a lesson from this. It is all very fine to get out and boost our athletic teams, but it is just as impor-

tant to boost our annual as it is to boost the teams. The annual depends on the merchants for advertising, and the merchants depend on you to buy their goods so that they may advertise in the high school pages. Therefore, let's support the merchants and we will be sure of a good annual.

Let's all get out and boost; don't knock, but boost!

—Vic Flickinger, '25.

AMES HI, AIMS HIGH

One of the big things accomplished this year by the Student Council is the establishment of the Ames High School Honor Rolls.

There are in all, five Honor Rolls. The first Honor Roll is composed of the names of all of the students who have received ninety percent or above in four subjects. The second Honor Roll is made up of the names of those students who receive ninety in three subjects; the third, of the names of those who have received ninety in two subjects; the fourth, of those who have received ninety in one subject. The fifth Honor Roll is a Special Honor Roll which contains the names of the students who are taking five subjects and receive ninety or above in all of them, the names of post-graduate students who receive ninety or above in the subjects they are taking, and of the students who are taking less than four subjects and receive ninety or above.

At the close of each six weeks period the names of the pupils receiving ninety are collected by the student council. A copy of all the Honor Rolls is posted in the Study Hall and another copy is placed in the trophy cabinet. A list of the names of all students who have been on the first or second Honor Rolls for the entire year will be printed in the Spirit "Annual".

Is it not the desire of every student of Ames High School to Aim High enough to be one of its Honor Students?

—Helen Newhard, '25.

PEP!

For the past football season Ames High has had plenty of pep. Let's carry this through to our basketball, debate, track, and all of the school's activities. Ask any of the football fellows what they think of debate, for instance, and you'll find that they are just as interested in that as any activity. They are the ones who yell loudest at pep meetings because they know what backing does for a team. Carry this into your classrooms and make your studies as high as possible.

You all remember what Supt. Clark of Sioux City said about pep. It is one of the major activities of life and is just as important as anything. From a girl powdering her nose down to a boy shining his shoes, everything is pep. Let's go!

—Jack Graves, '26.

COOPERATION

What do your teachers think of you? Do they think of you as a gentleman or as the village cut-up? In the past football year you backed Mr. Campbell and the team to the limit. But did you ever stop to think that your teachers might need this backing as much as anyone? Their task of teaching the village dumbbells must be indeed difficult. You probably realize that by now.

If we fail to pass a course the blame all goes to the faculty. It is a very difficult task to make headway when little or no cooperation is used. This is true of both students and teachers. After all, what we do go to school for, if not in an effort to learn? Studies are really what count, after all. And the other activities are only side lines, however interesting they may be.

So let's get behind the teachers and cooperate with them to all of our ability for a better and bigger Ames High School.

—Ernest McFarland.

THAT BIRD IN AVONLEA

There lived a man in Avonlea
Whose parrot used profanity.
The man delighted in the bird,
The wife resented every word.
In weather cold and seasons warm
She tried the parrot to reform;
But as she trained him more and more
The worse he grew, the worse he swore.
The husband didn't seem to care,
Which drove the woman to despair.
The climax quickly came one day
When the preacher's family came that way.
Ginger, anxious to show his best,
Began to swear with earnest zest.
They angry grow and angry stay;
She packs her things and goes away.
Ginger and James remain at home;
Out through the world she goes to roam,
The man and bird alone remain;
To wash the dishes and tend the grain.
The man and bird feigned not to care;
James laughed and cook, the bird did swear.
But oats and work made a sorry life
And home grew sad without his wife.
The world for her was cold and sad
When she got over being mad.
Fate helped to overcome their pride
When Ginger grew quite ill and died.
When Ginger died James lived alone;
He wondered where his wife had gone.
Now, things had changed in five long years;
The wife remembered home in tears.
So up she rose and homeward sped
To learn with joy the bird was dead.
James was so glad to see his spouse,
He left off smoking in the house.
A bachelor no more was he
In gossip throughout Avonlea.
And Mrs. Lynde grew very sad
Because this spoiled the yarn she had.
The Harrisons forgot the past
And lived contented to the last.

—Ruth Scott.

Many people in Ames High School are under the impression that all of the value received of their saving is the 4 per cent. They are all wrong. The following item is quoted from "The Thrift Almanac."

"All thru the writings of the great philosophers, poets and statesmen the virtues of thrift are extolled. Cicero said: 'Economy is of itself a great revenue.' The proverbs of 'Poor Richard' are known to every school child, and they have had their helpful influence upon every generation since they were written. So much has been written about thrift and saving that the only original thing left is its application.

"To Save Is to Have!" How much of worry and disappointment we would be spared if we learned this early in life—for it must be learned sooner or later.

"John Wesley said: 'Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can.' In those lines are expressed the three legitimate uses of money, and it is just as necessary that we learn to give and spend, as well as save. A man is not thrifless who spends, when by so doing he does his duty to humanity and society."

Everyone knows Ames High is a leader in the thrift program so let's keep up the good work. We are getting a great deal of publicity out of this so let us make for a better Ames High.

'TWAS EVER THUS

Over the jagged battlements
Of a fortress strong and bare,
I led my brave young comrades
To rescue a lady fair.

The castle blazed around me;
I strove with countless foes
To gain that one tall pinnacle
Where the maid's white banner rose.

I fought,—I struggled valiantly,—
I reached her room—too late!
Her hard and villainous father
Had dragged her from the gate.

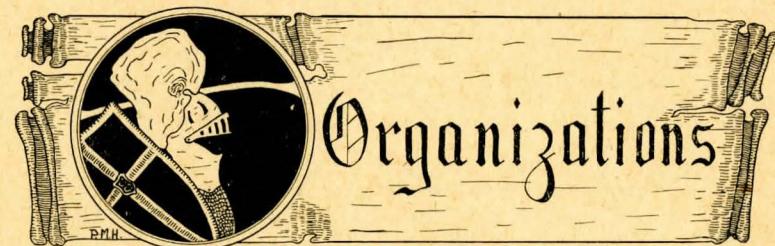
I tore my hair; I gnashed my teeth;
I followed fast the maiden.
She cried to me her life to save
From tears and sorrow laden.

I snatched her from her father's arms,
Love smiled from out her eyes;
I bent to kiss her curving lips
And know true paradise.

A voice broke on my happiness;
A cruel hand tweaked my ear;
"You can't sleep in my study hall!"
Purred Vanderlinden, dear.

Jean Guthrie.

Bob Hanson—Why don't you drown your sorrow?
Hookie H.—They'd get me for murder.



STUDENT COUNCIL

A great many things of benefit to Ames High have been accomplished by the Student Council since it was organized last year, and everyone is pleased with its work.

They have made several amendments to their constitution and carried out new ideas, but the most outstanding thing they have done is the making of the Honor Roll system. A student must have an average of ninety or above in any study to be placed on an Honor Roll and we are hoping this will decrease the list of failures.

Signs, warning the students how to govern themselves in the halls and classes, are being printed and will be posted in the corridors and rooms.

Two new members have been added to the council this year. They are Francis Morrissey, who is president of the Boys' Glee Club and represents that organization, and Lloyd Knight, president of the band.

DEBATE

With Margaret Davidson as captain of the affirmative team, which is composed of Margaret Goosman, Arthur Orning, John Hughes, and William Knouse, and Bea Iler leading the negative, with Paul Heffernon, Ethel Davidson, Maxwell Smith and Arnold Gladwin as worthy helpers, the Ames High Debating Team should meet with grand success this year.

They have become members of the State High School Debating League and the local team will start its work as soon as the league sets a time.

The first contest is a dual debate with Newton, to be held February 12. The second is a triangular contest with Boone and West Waterloo and will probably take place about the first week in March.

The teams are under the direction of Mr. Vanderlinden.

"A" CLUB

At the one meeting of the "A" Club held recently the members talked over the plans for initiation and also decided to have the "A" boys coach the grade schools in basketball this season. This was very successfully done last year.

The club consists of sixteen members with Gale Allen as president. These students have won their "A's" either in athletics, debate, declamatory or in judging teams.

ASSEMBLIES

Most of our assemblies have been on the subject of "Pep". Included in these kinds of programs was a talk by Zac Dunlap and a number of rather brief speeches from members of the faculty and student body. The band has also shown several times that it has plenty of High School Spirit.

There have been several other interesting programs. Professor Schmidt from I. S. C. gave a talk on "The Constitution". We have had two musical programs. The first was given by Tolbert McRae and his trio, Miss Cook, Miss Berg and Miss Schneider. Jewell Johnson gave us the second musical entertainment, many entertaining numbers on the accordion.

Mrs. F. Miller, who had the wonderful experience of seeing Europe this summer, gave a talk on France and Italy which held the attention of the student body and was enjoyed immensely by everyone.

The Spirit Staff started its subscription campaign by giving a Spirit Assembly. The whole staff was introduced and several speeches were made by the different editors. We are to have one literary and an annual this year, but let's make them the best ever!

At an assembly on November 21 Coach Campbell awarded fifteen of the football men their letters. All the mothers of the boys were present. The team presented Doctor Proctor with a very fine gun case and knife for his faithful work in helping the boys through. The program proved to be one of the best assemblies of the year.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club of this year has the honor of having the highest enrollment since it was organized. The membership numbers forty-nine and since the English room is not large enough to hold this number Mr. Wygant turned over the Gym to them. They hold their meetings there every Friday, the third period.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Grace Virginia Browning
Vice-President—Ernest McFarland
Secretary—Jean Guthrie

The programs so far have proven that a great deal of talent exists in the club. Everyone is looking forward with interest to the play that the group is planning to give before the school body in assembly very soon.

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

The Junior Class presented its annual play in the High School Auditorium December 12. The play this year was a three-act comedy entitled "Bashful Mr. Bobbs".

The cast was:

Kathrene Henderson	Alberta Davis
Frederick Henderson	Fred Young
Mrs. Wiggins	Marjorie Packard
Obadiah Stump	Gerald Feroe
Frances Whittaker	Edna Holsinger
Rosalie Otis	Sarah Maroney
Mr. Robert V. Bobbs	Rodney Fox
Jean Graham	Dorothy Duckworth
Maistan Bobbs	Charles Nelson
Celesta Vandupoal	Ruth Shanahan
Julie	Opal Tripp

Miss Lynch's excellent directing ability, with the assistance of Ernest McFarland as business manager, A. J. Graves as assistant business manager, and Irvin Roberson and Donald Stevenson as manager and assistant stage manager, made the play a real hit.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

The Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions' Clubs entertained all of the football boys at a seven o'clock dinner and program given at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel, November 20.

The evening's entertainment was made up of speeches by Coach Campbell, Coach Harland, Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Ed Smith. Each speaker complimented the squad on its square and clean playing this season and the College Athletic Association showed its appreciation by presenting the first squad with tickets to the Drake-Ames football game, played in Ames on November 22.

Coach Otapalik staged several boxing and wrestling matches which proved very entertaining. The boys report having a "mean" time.

HI-Y

The Hi-Y has started out the year with an enrollment of sixty-five boys. They are under the supervision of Mr. Vanderlinden and Mr. Stearns and they are going big.

The officers for the year are:

President	Victor Flickinger
Vice-President	A. J. Graves
Secretary	Howard McGriff

At each meeting on Wednesday, the third period, Mr. Stearns leads the boys in songs. Among the programs that have been given were talks by Reverend Browning, Zac Dunlap, Mr. Stevenson, who is the Y. M. C. A. secretary at the college, Mrs. Young and Tolbert McRae. Mr. Knapp, of the Best Electric Company, gave a very instructive program on radio construction.

The chairmen appointed for the different committees are:

Program	Art Ruggles
Social	Arthur Orning
Bible Study	Conrad Stephenson
Membership	Howard McGriff
Publicity	Ernest McFarland

DECLAMATORY

Seventeen students have gone out for declamatory this year. Out of this number five have tried out for the oratorical division, eight for the dramatic and four for humorous.

Miss Evans, who has charge of this department, has planned to stage three contests before Christmas, two preliminaries and one final. After the holidays the local contestants are to meet in two triangular contests, one with Boone and Newton and the other with Story City and Nevada.

HIGH SCHOOL P. T. A.

The High School P. T. A. has held only two meetings, but each has shown that the members still have the same spirit and interest in Ames High that they have always shown.

Their first meeting was a "Get Acquainted Affair" and was enjoyed by everyone. At the last gathering the teachers gave a report on the State Teachers' Convention which they attended in Des Moines. Near the end of the meeting a short play, "Mrs. Kenston Knowe", was presented by some of the talented members. It was very clever and was appreciated by the audience.

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

It is Mr. Stearns' purpose to create an interest in the High School student body in better and classical music with the aid of band and orchestra. It is also his plan, if he remains with us next year, to develop a small symphony orchestra which we all know he could do successfully.

Mr. Stearns and the band have shown their faithful spirit during football season by accompanying the team and the boosters to all of the games. This is the first time any such idea has been worked out since Ames High has had a band. Many thanks to Mr. Stearns! Everyone appreciates his work.

RETURNS FROM THE CLASS ELECTIONS

Senior Election:

President	Victor Flickinger
Vice-President	Gerald Neal

(Also Rep. to S. C.)

Secretary-Treasurer	Marjorie Acheson
Rep. for Student Council	Miriam Vifquain
Rep. to Assembly Board	Harold Jameson
Advisors	Mrs. Young and Miss Seaman

Junior Election:

President	Jack Graves
Vice-President	Ray Rail

Rep. for Student Council—Sarah Sawyer

Treasurer	Tom Carberry
Rep. to Assembly Board	Dorothy Duckworth
Advisors	Miss Douglass and Miss Krueger

Sophomore Election:

President	Howard McGriff
Vice-President	Audrey Erickson

Secretary-Treasurer—Verdene Anthony

Rep. for Student Council	Florence Van Nice
Rep. to Assembly Board	Otto Richardson
Advisor	Mrs. Garo

GIRL RESERVES

It did not take long for this organization to get started and with Bea Iler as president, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Krueger and Miss Seaman as advisors, they are wasting no time.

The programs given so far are as follows:
 Sept. 10—Initiation of New Members.
 Sept. 17—Address by Dr. Cessna.
 Sept. 24—Discussional—"What Do I cost?"
 Oct. 1—Miscellaneous Program.
 Oct. 8—Okoboji Conference Reports.
 Oct. 15—Ring Committee Meeting.
 Oct. 22—Discussional—"Popularity vs. Success."
 Oct. 29—Talk, "My Trip Through Italy," Mrs. Miller.
 Nov. 5—Talk by Miss McKinley.
 Nov. 12—Joint Meeting with Hi-Y.
 Nov. 19—Athletic Committee.

Many more interesting programs are planned, with a few surprises between, so the G. R. have something to look forward to.

The plan of giving honorary membership to graduates has been carried out and those receiving the privilege were: Marjorie Long, Beryl Spinney, Dorothy Allen, Frances Fish, Frances Jones, Marian Smith, Margaret Proctor and Vivian Griffith. All of these girls accepted and have offered their services in any way that might help the Girl Reserve Organization.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Tense! As the silence before a battle.
 Quiet! As the stampede of a million cattle.
 One minute at a time
 The minute hand jumps.
 Nearer! Nearer!
 To the momentous hour
 Of noon.
 Still they sit
 Tense and quiet
 Ready to spring
 As the bell goes—Ding!
 Ding it goes, and is drowned out
 By the roar
 Of running feet
 That reaches its pinnacle at once
 And dies away
 Until all is quiet
 And the hand jumps ahead
 A minute at a time
 Unwatched.

—Dorothy MacLaughlin.

AMES HI AIMS HIGH

Which is the school that I love best,
 Which is the highest from East to West,
 Where are the teachers kind and wise
 Who help us along the broad highways.
 Where is there knowledge, yet lots of fun,
 Which is the school where things are done,
 Which school's banner soars high in the sky?
 'Tis Ames Hi, Aims High!

—Dorothy Cole.

DANCING IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

As a complete surprise to everyone came the announcement that the school board had authorized dancing at Ames High school. This does not mean that any of you may come to school at ten after twelve and dance until one-fifteen. That is the idea some of the fellows took on the matter.

We all know how we have gone to some neighboring town where they were going to have a victory dance. Though we made it a dance of defeat, they had the dance anyway, and we went home in an envious state of mind. Let's all make these dances a success, and show the school board our gratitude by passing all of our studies. A dance will be held at some specified place at the end of each semester. And last but not least we are to have dancing at high school parties.

Along came another surprise. The school board is going to make up the athletic deficit. You all know undoubtedly that the football finances ran behind terribly in '24. The total of this amounted to about four hundred dollars; no small item as you all recognize. We should do everything in our power to justify their ambitions for us.

GLEE CLUB

There will be no choruses this year as was the system last year, but we have two large glee clubs. The Girls' Glee Club numbers fifty and is under the direction of Miss Bower. They are making plans for an operetta to be given in the spring. They are also preparing to be ready for any calls asking them to entertain before the public.

The Boys' Club has twenty members. They have entertained successfully in assemblies several times by singing the High School song composed by Mr. Stearns.

Both clubs are doing fine work! Let's help them continue it.

FOAMING YOUTH

"But you said I could kiss you!"
 "Kiss, yes; but who said anything about a massage."—Chapparal.

Parson—Brother Jones, does your daughter trust in God?

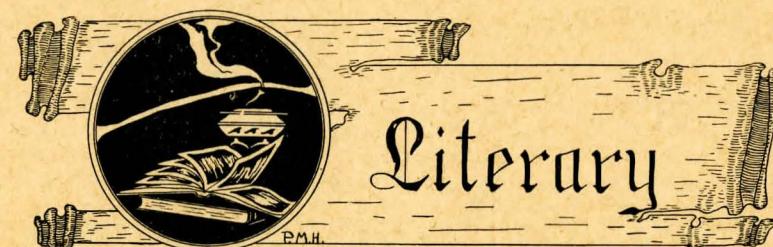
Brother J.—She must, judging from the company she keeps.—Humbug.

An auto had just knocked a man down and run over his toes, and the victim was claiming damages.

"Great Scot!" gasped the astounded owner of the car; "you want \$200 for a damaged foot! I'm not a millionaire, you know."

"Perhaps you ain't," tersely replied the victim, "and I ain't no centipede either."—Tatler.

A porch light may be ever so dim yet have an enormous scandal power.



FOR AINSLEY

"Ainsley! Ainsley! Fight!" The thundering shout rebounded sharply from the nearby building as the crowds broke away from the lurid bonfire and swung out in twos and threes for their homes.

It had been a great night for Ainsley High. All week and for many weeks previous excitement had been running at high pitch. The town was painted from one side to the other. There was not a store window but had been visited by the lavish brush of an Ainslian, and on the billboards for five miles around there flourished pep posters of Ainsley High. But if the mass meeting was great the next day would be greater for the football eleven, aroused by the victory of seven hard-won battles to the wildest enthusiasm, would face, on that last day of the season, their deadliest rival, Oakland High. If this game should be lost not only would it mean the breaking of the season's record of victories, but it would cost them the state championship which they had never had so nearly within their grasp as now.

An hour later, as the last spark was extinguished, Clyde Holbert turned slowly away and walked along the quiet streets of the town. It was a clear night and the stars shone forth brilliantly from the blackish-blue of the sky. Clyde had come to Ainsley from a little Arkansas town. All his life he had been a leader, a small town hero, and had ruled his "gang" with a high hand, for such is the temperament of the crowd that a boy, once a leader, does not easily lose his sway. But now everything was changed. He had fallen into a veritable world of small town heroes, and so great was his amazement at his insignificance that he could not at first recover his confidence. After the first week, however, he became indignant. His fighting spirit was up and he went out for football. Now if there is anything which shows to the other fellows the worth of a man or boy, as no classroom can do, it is the mark he makes in athletics. Not only does he have to have quick headwork and a strong, active body, but he must be a real sportsman, and most of all, must work for team and school glory, not for his own individual renown.

Before the end of the first two practices Holbert had shown himself to be a brilliant player. He could play almost any position, but somehow, while people marvelled at his

punts and passes, something always went wrong with the game. If there was a chance for an end run he was sure to carry the pigskin through and cover himself with glory, but in simple blocking, guarding, and passing, where teams must often gain their advantage and which are often not appreciated by the grandstands, he was simply not there. And so, when the names of those lucky individuals, who had made the team, were posted and his name was not among them, Holbert, captain and star in his own town, had a bad half hour. Coach Barnes, walking past an hour later, had returned answer to the boy's blurted question.

"Holbert," he said, "I've been trying to figure you out ever since school started and I haven't arrived anywhere. You ask why you are not as good a football man as the next one. Well, I'll tell you. If you could play a one-man game and not be bothered by a coach and the rest of the men, I don't doubt but that you would soon be world champ, but it is an unfortunate fact that every man that plays the game has to endure the presence of ten other fellows along with him."

"Well, now, what are you driving at?" Clyde returned hotly. "I guess I never disputed anybody else's right on the field!"

"Listen!" quietly commanded the coach. "You are one of the few fellows in this school who doesn't know what teamwork is. You think you do, but you're wrong. Every time you go out on the field you do it with the hope of praise. You wish to be spectacular. You long to hear the grandstands yelling for you. The minute you kill that feeling you may bet your life I'll have you on the team, but not a second before."

When Clyde left the bonfire that night he was thinking of that stormy talk with the coach. "It was true," he muttered bitterly. And in his heart he knew that it still was. It was not for the glory of Ainsley he wished to play in the Oakland game. It was to show his folks, his pros., and his school how he could play. All year he had been on the sub bench during the games and only once had the coach sent him in. He scowled savagely at the thought of how near he had come to bringing disaster on the team and ridicule to himself. How he hated to be laughed at! Still he knew he was in good shape. His pride had not let him stay away from the practice field,

but he had no hope of getting into the big game.

Quietly he reached the fourth floor of the dormitory where he lived with over a hundred other out-of-town fellows. As he passed an open door on the way to his room his glance fell enviously on the sleeping figure of "Bud" Sheldon, captain of the team and the best liked man in the whole school. "If I only had half his chance," he muttered despondently, secretly wondering how Bud could always sleep with his door open and be undisturbed by the shouts and clatter of the halls. But he had a cheery smile ready for his room-mate, Bob March, as he turned into his room. One of the brightest spots in Clyde's school life had been his friendship with this crippled lad, and he always tried to guard him against the unthinking roughness of the other boys.

As he turned the light down there floated in to him, sung by many earnest voices, the last lines of the school song, "Alma Mater, grant thy sons true loyalty in serving thee," and as he drifted off to sleep he mechanically repeated the words, but even yet they did not touch his heart.

Many hours later he started suddenly from a troubled sleep, aware that his room-mate, shivering and wide-eyed, was shaking him weakly and speaking thickly between white lips. "Clyde! Clyde!" he gasped. "I thought you would never wake up. The place is on fire; save yourself or it will be too late." Clyde, instantly alert, sprang to the door and opened it half way. The hall was fast filling with smoke, and the boys, some of them having entirely lost their heads, were rushing down the stairs. Holbert, rapidly drawing on a few clothes, started towards his room-mate, but Bob, seeing the action, cried excitedly, "Stop! You must not burden yourself with me. Go on. I may get down all right." Yet he knew as he spoke that it was impossible.

"What kind of a cur do you think I am?" snapped Clyde hotly as he raised Bob's light body carefully to his broad shoulders. "We can easily get out of here if we go now, for the fire is in the other end of the Dorm."

But still it was no easy task for the boy, handicapped as he was by his friend, to make his way through the blinding smoke. As he stumbled down the last flight he suddenly realized that somewhere back there he had seen through an open door the sleeping form of a boy, one arm thrown carelessly across his face, all unconscious of the fast-approaching danger. And as he entrusted his room-mate to the willing arms of the excited crowd, he knew of no other man who could sleep through such din but Bud Sheldon, captain of the team. As his brain grasped this fact and the screaming fire sirens rang in his ears his excited imagination traveled to the next day's game. No one knew that anyone was left in the blazing building, and with Bud Sheldon injured or burned, the only person who could possibly take his place was himself. The hateful thought grew and he stared wildly,

fascinated at the doomed building. It threw its red glare high into the inky sky and cast a weird light upon the struggling firemen and the white, frightened faces of women and children.

Suddenly something seemed to snap in his brain. His head cleared and he cried out with the horror of the thought that had possessed and almost mastered him. A warning cry went up as the throngs around saw a dark form burst into the ring of light and disappear into the blazing inferno. But Holbert was too late. Even as he gained the hall the stairs groaned and fell, barely missing the boy. Stumbling to the window Clyde clutched the hot rods of the fire escape. Painfully, round after round, he dragged himself up and the stifling blast from each succeeding cagement seemed to burn into his soul the words he had heard so often: "Alma Mater, grant thy sons true loyalty in serving thee." They were not mere words now—he understood. Burned, and all but exhausted, he stumbled through the window of the room he knew was Sheldon's. Bud, unconscious and pinned beneath a fallen beam, had awakened too late to save himself from a horrible death.

Clyde never knew how he descended that frail ladder. Falling and catching himself again, he mechanically tightened his hold on the dead weight in his arms. Finally he was caught as he fell unconscious from the last round of the ladder.

Many hours later in a white hospital bed Clyde slowly regained consciousness and moved restlessly in his bandages. "Bud," he murmured, "Bud Sheldon." There was a rustle of skirts, a few whispered words, and Coach Barnes, with a strange look of respect which Clyde had never before seen on his face, came forward and gently touched the bandaged hands.

"You're a hero, boy," he said in a strained voice, looking down at the white face as if he could read his very heart.

"How is—Bud?" begged Clyde, trembling for what the answer might hold, but ignoring that praise which would once have meant so much to him.

"Bud's all right, boy. We've walked all over Oakland. We've made the state championship, and lad," he added gravely, "better than all these things, you've got the spirit at last of teamwork and loyalty."

There was a silence in the white room and then from under the window there rose the volume of five hundred voices, singing earnestly. As the last words died away Clyde smiled faintly, "I'm glad—for everything—for Ainsley!" he said.

—Jean Guthrie.

Awarded first prize.

Ever since "Coney" got hurt on the football field he has been running around with the chiropractor's daughter. Do you suppose this has anything to do with his robbing the cradle as we've been hearing.

REWARD ENOUGH

"Stick" Rawson (he will never be anything but "Stick" to his schoolmates at Goodwin High, and so we shall call him "Stick" here) was feeling moody. It was study period, and since he had nothing to do (that is, nothing but chemistry), he painstakingly sharpened his pencil and, as he let it idly trace the carved initials and other adornments on his desk top, his thoughts wandered.

The last and biggest game of the football season was rapidly approaching. On Thanksgiving, Goodwin High was to play its rival of long standing, Roland High. Stick had been thinking a lot about that game of late and as he thought more about it he became more low spirited until his attitude brought forth protests from his teachers and coach, as well as his family and friends. He had done his work half-heartedly lately, and everyone missed his cheery good nature. The coach wondered why Stick had been doing such poor work at practice for he had called him one of his most dependable men. The coach, of course, told Stick Rawson that he was no good, that he was slowing down, and not on the job.

The chief reason for all this was a certain fellow named Al Bates. He had come into the school that fall and had immediately become the popular favorite. He seemed a direct opposite of Stick Rawson. He talked easily and confidently, while Stick found it hard to express himself; his manner was natural, while Stick was usually rather awkward and self-conscious; everyone liked him at sight, but people were fast friends of Stick after a closer contact; he was flashy and swift and changeable while Stick was steady and always "stuck."

As everywhere else, Al took the honors to himself in football. It was he who made the brilliant plays, he who got the ball and made the touchdown. Stick didn't understand why the whole school should worship Al so greatly, when he was nothing but show. He began to wonder if just plodding along in his steady way, as he had been doing, was worth while after all! When he compared himself with Al Bates it seemed to him that it wasn't. It would not gain for him the friendliness and respect of everyone and the many other things that Al had and that Stick longed for.

There was still another question in Stick's mind. Several times he had seen very little things happen which would bring Al out on top by some little unfair turn of things. Al's irresistible good-will and his general popularity had carried them over. Stick asked himself, "Is it all right?" These things Stick pondered.

Monday of Thanksgiving week Stick's family received a message from Carl, his elder brother who was in college, saying that he would come home for Thanksgiving. He said, too, that he would like to see that High School game. Stick was very fond and proud of his brother and he showed so much pep in football practice that night that the coach began

to hope that it would last till Thursday. It did last pretty well in spite of a few pangs. Stick suffered when he saw Al's popularity. Stick didn't care much for girls, except—well—except a certain one who sat over near the window in study period where the sunlight glinted down upon her red-gold, curly hair.

Stick worked hard for the next few days that he might be able to play a good game on Thursday. He did not expect to win applause from his schoolmates for his work in the game. They would take it all for granted, but if he could win the approbation of Carl, who was a college man, it would mean a great deal to him.

On Wednesday night Carl arrived. From that instant there was no time for morbid thoughts. Only too soon, it was time for the game.

So Stick played that afternoon with spirit he had never had before, played, for Carl and for Goodwin High! His steady, hard work was telling. Still, although both teams had fought hard, neither had scored at the end of the first half. Always Al's brilliant plays had been met and checked at the beginning by the opponents. In the third quarter Roland made a touchdown. More hard playing followed and finally Goodwin fought its way to a touchdown. In spite of all the Goodwin players could do, Roland got another touchdown, but they missed their goal kick. The end of the third quarter came with Roland ahead. The next few minutes of play were exciting. Al Bates got the ball and instead of passing it to another player who had a fairly open field before him he tried a spectacular attack through a wall of opponents. It would have been spectacular, yes, glorious, if it had succeeded, but—it failed. Much steady, hard work and a beautiful piece of teamwork finally made up the loss. Stick sent the ball down the field to the fellow who had long legs and a good chance to use them. He did use them and took the ball across the line for a touch-down.

The bleachers went wild. They yelled and yelled! But it was all for Al Bates, the fellow who had made the touchdown. But the play had been Stick's. When he had that ball there had been two chances. He could possibly have taken that ball to safety himself. But he remembered Al's play that had failed and he chose the other—the one that gave Al all the glory but that won the game for Goodwin. They had little time left for anything but their goal kick was successful.

Goodwin went wild over the victory and everyone praised Al's work. But Stick got his reward when a certain college man grasped his hand and told him that was the best game he had ever seen, and he was proud to be the brother of the man that won it. Yes, and it almost seemed to him that the clear gray eyes beneath the crown of red-gold hair looked more kindly than ever into his.

—Ruth Wagner.

Awarded second prize.

BILLY CRITICISES JACK

"D-r-r," the bell announcing the close of the school day rang. Dozens of students were quickly homeward bound.

Billy Ellis, however, was going home slowly. He was very angry—angry at himself, angry at his teachers and schoolmates, but most of all he was angry at Jack Minderson. Now Billy had been defeated by this boy, a newcomer, at an election for class officers. He moped along the sidewalk to his home kicking everything he could reach with either of his feet. He grumbled, too, and once gave vent to how he hated Minderson.

About two blocks from home a boy, whistling cheerfully, overtook him and would have passed, but Billy halted him with "What are you so happy about?"

The boy hesitated.

"Well," he said, "I've a right to be contented. Is something bothering you?"

"Now," Billy retorted, "only the biggest freak in the school beat me for class president. Why, even my best friends voted for him."

"Perhaps the other fellow was a better man for the job."

"Perhaps, no!"

"Perhaps I know the person. May I ask his name?"

"Jack Minderson!"

Billy's companion was silent for a moment as they walked on.

"Have you ever seen him enough to know him?" the boy finally asked.

"Yes, he's slightly stooped at the shoulders, has a large head—which doesn't mean anything—and he thinks he's smart."

The boy smiled a queer smile which made Billy angry.

"Do you know him?" Billy asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm very well acquainted with him, but I don't know that your description is exact."

Billy was puzzled and angry. He hated this boy nearly as badly as he hated Minderson.

"If you will let me have some fair criticisms I should be very glad to inform him of it. You see he is always ready to reform his character," the boy said aloud.

"I'd like to tell him just one thing," Billy stammered.

"And that?"

"I wish he'd show his face to other people besides his own cronies."

The boy began to whistle and finally broke into great laughter, much to Billy's astonishment. Billy himself could not understand the attitude of this boy, a total stranger.

"You mean what by that?" the boy queried after quieting down.

Billy, after hesitating, said at last, "Why doesn't he meet other students? He must be a coward, because he won't make any new acquaintances."

Again the boy whistled, causing Billy to become more angry than before. Then the boy turned into a large house.

"I'll tell Minderson," he called.

The next day Billy, upon entering the school building, was immediately accosted by the boy with whom he had talked.

"I told Jack," the boy laughed.

Billy began to have a sickly feeling. "What did he say?" he blurted.

The boy stood quiet for a moment. "Oh! he said that he would enjoy the pleasure of meeting you. He would appreciate knowing you better."

Billy gasped. He almost wished that he had never mentioned the subject. Now that he had, he resolved to go through with it. He still believed he had a "right to crab." But even then he began to feel that he had made a great mistake.

"Do you suppose he would overlook my basty words?" he almost pleaded.

The boy smiled, then with his open palm he rapped Billy smartly across the back.

"You're one of the real fellows that I've met," he said. "You make a mistake, but you are wise enough to correct it before too late. I am pleased to meet you. Shake! I am Jack Minderson."

—A. Lee Gladwin, Awarded third prize.

Ingham Speaks

On December 4th Robert Williams, D. Clark, Victor Flickinger, Jack Graves, Ernest McFarland and Gale Allen went to Grinnell to attend the fifth annual convention of the Iowa High School Press Association, held under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

The boys report a splendid reception and entertainment while at the meeting, the boys being housed and entertained in the men's quadrange of the college, the girls attending being entertained similarly in the woman's quadrange.

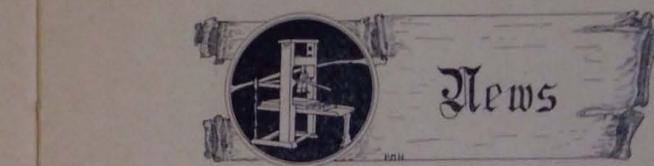
Harvey Ingham of the Des Moines Register was one of the principal speakers at the opening session Friday afternoon. At the dinner given for the visiting high school journalists in the women's quadrange, Hubert Work, secretary of the Grinnell Sigma Delta Chi chapter, spoke upon "Journalism in the Old Country." The dinner was followed by a play given in the college auditorium.

Among the talks given at the Saturday morning session were those by W. G. Ray of Grinnell upon "The Mechanics of a Newspaper," "Newspaper Advertising," by John F. D. Ane, Burlington, of the Iowa Press Association; and "Engraving," by C. R. Marshall of Cedar Rapids. The annual election followed this session.

The association will be governed the ensuing year by the following officers: Rex Evans of Oskaloosa, president; Dorothy Hadley, Grinnell, vice president; Betty Bexterm, Iowa City, secretary-treasurer. Faculty advisors chosen were: Miss Keating of Des Moines, Mr. Kimball, Grinnell, and Mr. Sprague of Des Moines.

The convention closed with a tea at the dean's residence at 4:30 p.m., and a dance Saturday evening.

"I'll tell Minderson," he called.



AMONG THE NEW TEACHERS

Mrs. Douglass, our new French teacher, lives in Boone. She graduated from Cee College. Last year she taught in Adair. She also has charge of the Junior Class.

Mrs. Seaman's home is in Scranton, where she taught last year. She graduated from Drake. She is taking Miss McCorkindale's place by being Senior Class Advisor, and by teaching American History.

Mrs. Garo, our Latin teacher, lives in Ames. She graduated from Augustana, Illinois, and took post-graduate work at Iowa University. She taught last in Des Moines.

Mr. Lars, our new Chemistry professor, lives in Ottawa, Kansas. He attended the Ottawa University and taught last year in Vinton. He is an advisor this year for the Spirit.

Mrs. Krueger, who is taking Miss McKay's old place, lives in Atkinson, Nebraska. She attended the State Teachers' College at Peru, Nebraska, and the one at Chadron, Nebraska. She also went to the Nebraska School of Business at Lincoln. She taught last year in Ordway, Colorado. She is advising the Sophomore Class.

IF ANYBODY HAS:

Wrecked a red racer (which is now blue)
Come late to bank day
Had his seat changed in study hall
A lease on the north entrance
Quilt in room
Been colining stories in history
Been getting private lectures in fourth period study hall
Hung a pin
Been getting all his lessons alone
Been refused a pass
Been playing hockey
Been sleeping in study hall
Bluffed Mrs. Young
Not yet borrowed money on bank day
HAND IT IN—IT'S NEWS.

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE STORY CITY FOOTBALL GAME

Ruth Clay wore the horn of her car out at the game.

We hear Louise Belt needs a remedy for her vocabulary at football games.

Seldon Cary was unable to drive his car home from the Story City game; therefore Jesse Cole showed Dorothy Duckworth how to manipulate the Durant home.

Dorothy Dunlap evidently didn't prove good company for Lucille Penfield at the game for Lucille came back with someone else. We wonder who?

THE HOWLING 47

Mr. Wygant, Mr. Campbell and the majority of Ames High students were present at the bonfire held on the corner of Duff and Lincoln Way after the Webster City game. The students paraded through town and we are sure that everyone has drawn the conclusion that Ames High students really have the pep.

Mr. Lars was a warm pep outfit evening. The bonfire was all over. Twenty-three of Ames Hi had so much pep left over that they simply had to do something else before ten o'clock. So they hopped a bus, but were kindly, yet forcibly, shoved off at Clark and Fifth. This gave them so much pep that right there, on that very spot, was organized the peppest and wildest club that Ames Hi has ever seen. They call themselves the "Howling 47".

Along came another bus which was forced to take them to the college. They got off at Stanton Avenue, where they raised Dog Town with a few of their blood-curdling yells. They then gave them a snake dance, raided the next bus and rode back to town planning a career for their new-found pep club.

We are wondering why Ralph Kratoska comes to school for just one subject. Probably because of locker twenty-five.

We are all wondering if there is not some good reason for Bob Hanson's arm being out of the sling so soon.

Quinton Cary has some great attraction at Ames. We wonder what.

After the Iowa Falls game Mr. Stearns' Manual training classes had an easy time as Mr. Stearns took his voice at the game and was a long time looking for it.

"Kathleen" a romantic musical comedy, was given in the High School Auditorium October 3 and 4 for the benefit of the Catholic Daughters of America. Many of the High School students had parts in the play and made up the majority of the choruses. The play proved to be very good and it surely showed Ames High and the audience that they have real talent of which to be proud.

It seems that lately locker 274 has been the scene of many angry disputes and quarrels. First there, first served, is the owner's motto.

From all reports a few of our Ames Hi students were interested in the Red Mens' Pavement Dance. Some of those who participated were Donald Kennedy, Ernest McFarland, A. J. Graves, Marion Rappe, Grace Virginia Browning, Jewell Craven, Maurine Clay and Gladine Akin.

From the looks of things during fifth period, La Vonne Nunamaker seems to be getting interested in banking.

Many High School students enjoyed the Ames-Story City game. Before the game a group of Juniors and Seniors frolicked on the football field. One incident was rather conspicuous. For further information ask Ruth Clay.

Much pep was shown at the Ames-Webster City game, October 10. A large crowd was there, consisting of business men, college people, teachers—and last, but not least, the students of Ames High.

NEWS FROM LAST YEAR'S TEACHERS

Miss Evelyn Atwood is now Mrs. W. D. Clampitt. She and her husband are teaching at Bondurant, Iowa. She is teaching Latin this year together with English.

Miss Florence McKay, weary of teaching, is employed in a law office in her home town, Ida Grove.

Miss Dorothy McCorkindale, now Mrs. Tilden, lives in Ames.

Miss Aurelia St. Clair, also tired of teaching, has gone into the Gift Shop business. Luck be with her!

Mrs. V. P. Maun is at Purdue, where her husband is teaching.

Miss Lucille McDannell is studying at the University of Lyon, in France.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller is living in Des Moines.

Mr. Stevenson is connected with the Sales Department of the Creamery Package Company, Chicago, Illinois.

During the recent football season some of the Ames business organizations demonstrated what real backing of a team.

It Might Interest You to Know:
That George Sherwood pledged Beta at Iowa State College this year.

That Jerome Miller pledged Sigma Nu out here.

That Cleo Lockwood pledged Alpha Chi Omega at Iowa City.

That Josephine Foster, Beryl Spinney, and Margaret Proctor pledged Pi Beta Phi.

That Rachael Van Nice pledged Tri Delt.

That Frances Fish pledged Gamma Phi Beta.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gantt (Beth King, '19), who have been teaching in the Philippines the past three years, have spent the last six months in travel on their way home. Mr. Gantt is particularly interested in agricultural affairs, notably high-bred stock, and on his

travels through certain countries he has made a study of methods and results. They have visited Hong Kong, Straits Settlements in Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, London, Oxford, etc. They made a long stay in London and went from there to Scotland by motorcycle with a sidecar. They went by air express from London to Amsterdam and journeyed through Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and France. They will land in New York November 15th. They expect to call on Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bennett there, and then on home to Omaha, where Rev. and Mrs. W. D. King are living at 3810 Grand Avenue.

FROM THE JEFFERSON-AMES GAME

Including the band, about fifty students went to Jefferson to see the game. To some the trip might have seemed long, but an over-heated radiator and a nice long run up Ogden hill broke the monotony.

Though our team was defeated, the spirit of Ames Hi was not damped in the least as shown by the singing and yelling on the homeward trip. Arriving in Ames, a bunch went to the Puritan and had dinner. After this they attended Bob Hanson's bonfire.

Tom Carberry resigned his position as strong man to Miss Funke in study hall fourth period, as a result of an open window.

Howard McGriff renewed his friendship with Miss Schmidt, principal of Junior High School, by kindly pulling the firebell at the school.

A. J. Graves' latest occupation seems to be washing dishes, if the Junior Class party is to be taken into consideration.

Howard McGriff had a very busy time at the Sophomore party. He was the gallant escort of three pretty girls.

WHEN WE BEAT BOONE

The peppiest game of the season was the Boone-Ames game. A large crowd turned out. In addition to yelling continually, part of the students gave a snake dance. This was followed by songs, yells and music, during which the Cyclones won their seven points.

That night they had a bonfire on Main and Grand. Olson's Hall and Pola Negri were strong competitors so the crowd was not as large as it should have been. A few speeches were made and some resolutions passed which concerned the student body.

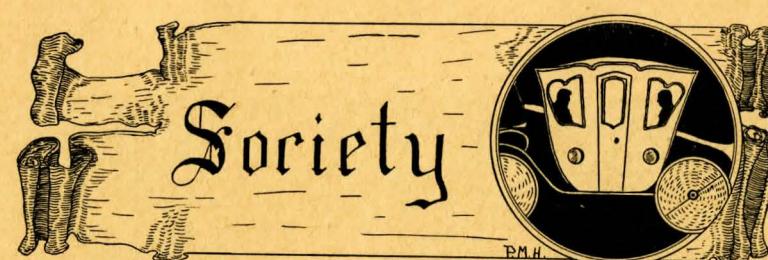
CRADLE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NOVEMBER

Bob Hanson's latest song hit: "Somebody Stole My Gal."

Frances Martin likes to see her name connected with Don Caswell's.

V. R.—I was so confused, I don't know how many times he kissed me.

H. C.—What! With the thing going on right under your nose?



McCorkindale-Tilden

Dorothy McCorkindale and Clark Tilden were married in Odebolt, Iowa, June 21, 1924. Dr. Cessna of Iowa State College read the ceremony.

After a short wedding trip in Estes Park, Colorado, they moved to 1010 Kellogg Avenue, Ames.

Mrs. Tilden taught American and Modern European History in Ames High for three years.

* * *

Atwood-Clampitt

Evelyn Atwood and Wesley Clampitt were married in Fairfax, Iowa, August 15, 1924.

They are living in Bondurant, Iowa, where Mr. Clampitt is Superintendent of Schools and Mrs. Clampitt is the Principal of the High School.

Mrs. Clampitt taught English in Ames High for three years.

* * *

Burgett-Vanderlinden

Miss Berenice Burget and Mr. J. S. Vanderlinden were married in "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," at Nashua, Iowa, on August 18, 1924.

Mrs. Vanderlinden's home was at Fayette, Iowa, but she had been teaching Latin in Bessemer, Michigan.

Mr. Vanderlinden taught Geometry, Economic, and Commercial Law last year and is still with us this year.

* * *

Miss Melba Acheson entertained a few of her friends at a masquerade Hallowe'en party at her home on October 31. The evening was spent in dancing. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

* * *

Miss Alice Duitch entertained twenty of her friends at a Hallowe'en party on October 20. The entertainment consisted of Hallowe'en games, a fine radio concert, card playing, and dancing.

* * *

Angeline Feroe entertained seven of her friends at a dinner party, October 22, in honor of Ernestine Davidson. Those present were: Gwen Gaston, Muriel Agg, Margaret Goosman, Bea Iler, Harriet King, and Margaret Davidson. The evening was spent in dancing.

* * *

Ruth Clay, Louise Belt, and Lorraine Grove entertained eighteen of their friends at a danc-

ing party November 15, at the former's home. Lincoln Way was blocked for two hours the next morning while men shoveled the confetti away. They said the punch was "good".

* * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

On the night of November fifth, if you were around the schoolhouse, you could see many strange looking people. Ghosts, oriental dancers, little boys and girls, clowns, etc. This was the night of the Sophomore Hallowe'en masquerade party. At eight o'clock nearly everyone in the class was assembled in the Gym for fun.

Games were played and then came the unmasking. Such surprises as there were! Prizes for the best costumes were given. Frances Martin received the one for the girls and Howard Chase for the boys.

Otto Richardson and Mrs. Garo took several pictures of the group. A program was then given in the auditorium. And such a program! Dancing, stunts, songs and everything!

Then came the eats, the most important thing of all. Cider and sandwiches, apples and doughnuts! After everyone had eaten their fill—Home Sweet Home!

* * *

The following Ames High School students are attending I. S. C.: Ida Bonnell, Marjorie Chase, Faye Carter, Helen Kallenberg, George Dale, Harry Bowman, Norman Graves, Marjorie Price, Frances Fish, Wolcott Steele, Phylliss White, Marian Hagen, Mildren Davis, John Thurber, Frank Adams, George Thurber, Paul Edwards, Glenn Rabuck, Dorothy H. Allen, Charles Guthrie, Rudolph Schroeder, Jerome Miller, Pauline Hunter, Frances Jones, Chester Ide, Josphine Foster, Elmer Adams.

Attending other colleges and universities:

John Carberry—Columbia U. (Dubuque).

Ted Macy—California U.

John Hawley—Oberlin, Ohio.

Cleo Lockwood—Iowa University.

Mabel Lawler—Simpson College.

Working:

Orrie Roe still runs the milkwagon.

Donald Dunlap—Henderson's furniture.

Danny McLeod—Ames News Stand.

Margery Long—Secretary to I. S. C. Y. W.

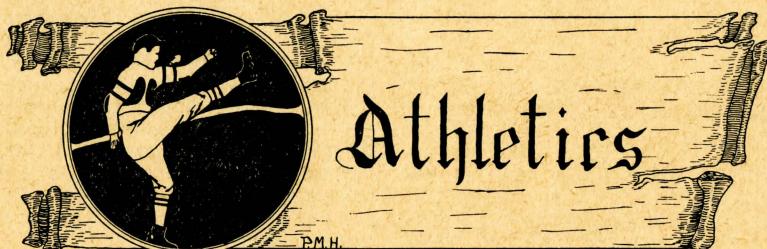
Dorothy Smith—Working in Des Moines.

Post-graduates in Ames Hi:

Marjorie Price, George Thurber, Kenneth Brown, Elmo Early.



Top row, left to right—Williams, Bradley, Donahoo, Rynerson, S. Cary, Flickinger, Cory, Roe, Howell, Graves, Apdin, Fifth row—Allan, Holdridge, McGriff, Assistant Coach Farlan, Coach Campbell, Long, Neal, G. Smith, Q. Cary, Trainer Alexander, Fourth row—Martin, Adams, D. Cole, Burnett, Richter, Hemstreet, Kintzley. Third row—Matlack, M. Smith, Carberry, J. Cole, Captain Clark, Erickson, Groth, Jutisch, Foster, Brockman. Second row—Anthony, Roupe, Thoreson, Mixa, Ruggles, E. Smith, Fish. First row—Cole, Jameson, Allan, Caswell, Mackfarland, Richardson, Otto.



FOOTBALL, 1924

Football started with a bang this year, and with six letter men back and plenty of good material from which to select the rest, Coach Campbell had prospects of a very light but fast team. A week before school started Coach Campbell called for candidates. About twenty answered the first call but, before the first game, this was increased about double. The team practiced at the "slough" near Squaw Creek again this year and were in good shape for the first scrimmage two weeks after school was started.

Story City

The team picked for Story City game was: Jameson, quarter; Allen and Erickson, halves; Howell, fullback; Graves and Cory, ends; Flickinger and Roe, tackles; Ruggles and Richardson, guards, and Clark at center position. Although outweighed by fifteen pounds per man, we were not outfought nor outplayed. From start to finish we had them guessing at what was coming next. With our plunges, end runs and passes working to perfection, we completely smothered the strong Story aggregation. On the defence, we were a stone wall; on the offense, nothing could stop us. Allen's educated toe scored three field goals for us, and a touchdown was marked up for Story City. The final score was 15 to 9 and was one of the cleanest, well-fought games we played this year.

Iowa Falls

Yes, Iowa Falls was the best title we could have picked for the game. With Allen's drop-kicking and the team's work, we snowed them under—10 to 0. Again outweighed by several pounds margin, we fought like demons and, as usual, won. With Jameson, Allen, Erickson and Howell toting the ball, we gained ground repeatedly. With Graves and Cory at receiving end for passes, we had Iowa Falls completely baffled from start to finish. Flickinger, Clark and Richardson were main characters on line; while Allen and Jameson were our star performers in the backfield.

Webster City

Webster City visited Ames with a well-balanced team and with the idea of winning. It was a funny coincidence, but we had the same idea and carried it out better than Webster City did. Again the game was played on our home field and, as usual, we were in the pink of condition for the game. Graves, Clark and

Roe were the outstanding features in line, while Allen, Erickson and Howell were consistent ground gainers in the backfield. With numerous fumbles, but good playing, we defeated Webster City with a score of 14 to 7.

Jefferson

Accompanied by some fifty football enthusiasts, the team journeyed to Jefferson, where they battled the much heavier and stronger team to a 6 to 0 defeat. Although this was our first defeat of the season, the boys are not downhearted about it. They have agreed to fight just that much harder against Indianola, our next stop. Jameson and Allen played their usual good game, with Flickinger and Clark the line heroes.

Indianola

Indianola, with the more experienced and heavier team, defeated Ames with a 6 to 0 score. The lone touchdown came in the first quarter when an intercepted pass paved the way. Erickson, Allen and Jameson played the usual heady game in the backfield and all ripped off some good gains. Cole, a new center, Howell at end, and Richardson at guard, played their own game in the line.

Boone

Boone came over with the idea they always have of winning and put up a good fight. Although outweighed by several pounds per man, Ames outplayed and outfought the Boone aggregation from start to finish. Their touchdown came in the first half when a fumble, together with a bad pass from center, pushed us back fifteen yards. In the next play, within 30 yards of our goal line, Boone picked up a fumble and ran for a touchdown. When he crossed the final line, not an Ames player was within 15 yards. Ames' touchdown followed immediately at the third quarter. Passes and smashes brought the ball over and Allen kicked goal for Ames. Allen, Jameson and Erickson played a good game at backfield, while Richardson, Cole and Flickinger played a good game in the line. The final score was 7 to 6—Ames winning their fourth game of the season.

Nevada

Nevada, with a much heavier team and playing on home field, won with a 21 to 7 score. The first quarter ended 14 to 0 for Nevada. Early in the second quarter Allen caught a pass and ran thirty yards for a touchdown after eluding two Nevada tacklers. The

crowd was one of the largest that witnessed a game on Nevada field. For Nevada, Affinson, Berka, and Captain Schally played the best game, while Allen, Jameson, Flickinger and Roe played the best for Ames.

Marshalltown

The Marshalltown aggregation met us on the state field and took the long end of the score—23-0. We were outweighed about thirty pounds to a man, but our fighting ways kept them going from start to finish. Jameson, Clark, Cole, Flickinger, Caswell, Cory, Neal and Aplin played their last game for A. H. S. This was the last game of the season and a large crowd attended it. The above mentioned, Graves and Allen, played a good game for Ames.

SECOND TEAM

Boone

The Second Team traveled to Boone, where they annexed another 6-0 victory. Although five players were ineligible, because of Boone's ruling that Juniors and Seniors could not play, we completely outplayed them. Allen, fullback, plunged over for the only marker of the game. Allen, Anthony, Martin and Smith played a good game for Ames.

Marshalltown

Although outweighed from twenty-five to thirty pounds per man, we played Marshalltown to a 0-0 tie. Marshalltown came within our 10-yard line twice but lost the ball on downs. Matlack, Holdridge, Cary, Anthony, and Smith played the best for Ames.

Boone

A return game with the Boone Seconds netted the second string another win. Allen, fullback, and Cole, quarter, made the counting markers. Smashes and end runs gave us the victory with Allen, Martin, Anthony, Fish and Smith our shining lights. The final score was 13-0.

Nevada

After the season had ended, the second string went to Nevada and played them to a 0-0 tie. Their line was too heavy for us to gain through, but end runs gained considerable ground. Smith, Holdridge, Matlack, and Fish played a good game for the second string. This was the Second Team's last game and some were glad of it.

Alumni Football

John and Earl Carberry are playing end and half, respectively, at Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa. John has his letter, while Earl had injuries that kept him out of part of the games.

Our Team

1. Captain Clark (center). Clark, although light, was a fighter all the way through. Dwight was injured about the middle of the season with some bad ribs, but played the last game through two quarters

with ribs torn loose. This shows the fight of Clark.

2. Jameson (quarter). "Peely" was one of the best quarters and field generals the High School has developed for quite a while. He has won two letters in football and has a good chance at a basketball letter.

3. Cory (left-end) was a sure man for passes and likewise for the man with the ball. He has won two letters this year and has a show at basketball.

4. Howell (fullback and left-end). Dana was sure death for end runs around his end. He will be back next year for another letter.

5. Flickinger (left-tackle). This makes the second and last season for "Vic". His fighting and clean playing gained him his reputation on the football field.

6. Richardson (left-guard). Otto was one of the smallest men on the line who played a man's game. He has two more years to play.

7. Cole (center). "Jesse" was our lightest man on the line and played like the big fellows. He was shifted from the backfield after Clark was hurt.

8. Ruggles (right-guard). Although "Art" was short in stature he was long in playing. He will be back next year.

9. Roe (right-tackle). "Hi," like his brother, was in on every play he could get in on. He is a Senior this year.

10. Graves (right-end). "Jack" always got his man and did quite a bit of our kicking. He has one more year.

11. Caswell (fullback). "Cassy" was a small fullback, but made up in fight. He was on the passing end of our passing combination. He will graduate this year.

12. McFarland (full). "Mack" was a sure ground gainer and was lightning fast. Although "Mack" had four more quarters to play, he fought when he did get in. He will be back next year.

13. Allen (left-half). "Gale" has played two seasons and was a sure tackle and ground gainer. He will be back next year.

14. Carberry (right-half). "Tom" was fast and a constant ground gainer. He will be back next year.

15. McGriff. Although "Mac" did not get a chance to play he was always out for practice and was in good spirits, which put the pep in the team. "Mac" has two more years to play.

16. Erickson (right-half). "Audy" gained a name for himself this year. This makes his first letter, but he has two more years.

Our football team would not be complete without our trainers. Alexander and Bradley were out every night with tape or iodine ready to "use" them on someone. "Alec" traveled with the first team while his assistant, "Don," went with the seconds.

Hank—I've seen three or four policemen asleep on a single beat!

His Dumb Date—You have? Some vegetables surely are large.

CLASS BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The Inter-Class basketball tournament opened with some sensational games. Millions of people could be seen upon the bleachers of the Ames High gymnasium. But Thomas Carberry could be picked out of this vast throng by the loud colored hat of his sisters. The people were getting excited and restless but at last everything quieted down and the juniors, in brilliant array, came forth in their elaborate costumes led by their worthy captain, W. Martin. The stands went wild as Gale Allen, the guard for the juniors, came in the door. But then the people quieted down again when the seniors, with their common clothes on, came in and someone in the back row yelled, "Yea Seniors." But no other sound was heard from that vast throng that had congregated in the Ames High gymnasium. There was a burst of admiration brought forth by the girls as the referee, with his white clothes, came on the floor. Then a man could be seen coming from the door of the locker room with a book in his hand. He looked as if he were a professor. Then a second look showed it was the coach of Ames High marching in as if he owned the place. He said, "Start the game." The referee blew a whistle that called the opponents together. Everyone on the bleachers was standing as the ball was thrown between the Mutt and Jeff centers.

Every one gasped as Cory, the big center for the juniors, jumped three inches from the floor. It looked as though the seniors would be swamped but a red spot that looked like a star in the sky gleamed up and this twinkling star shot a basket, making the first basket of the game. Then the crowd yelled, "Come on Juniors." But a foul was called and Jameson shot the second basket making the score three to nothing. The ball was thrown up at center and this time the crowd was amazed as Cory leaped five inches from the floor. But somehow the senior captain got that ball but three men were upon him. The referee called jump ball and, after throwing the ball up between them, Knight, the forward for the juniors, shot a basket from the middle of the floor. This inspired the juniors and they were about to make another basket but the whistle blew and the first quarter ended.

The second half started with the seniors making the first two baskets. Inspired by the talk that Capt. Jameson gave the team the senior center went wild and made a basket. The people thought that all hope was lost but then Gale Allen shot two free throws which made the score nine to four. Then the senior center made two baskets and a free throw which made the score fourteen to five. Then Robbins, a sub for the juniors (his former residence was at Slater), made a basket which made the score fourteen to seven. The people thought the game was lost and most of them left. All who could be heard yelling for the juniors now were four girls who had interests in the team. The game ended in favor of the seniors

THE SECOND GAME

The second game was between the sophs and the seniors. Because of the defeat of the junior team by the seniors the juniors had a low percentage of attendance at the second game of this series. The game was called and the seniors had the advantage of the game. The sophs, wearing the junior's suits, went down to defeat by the score of twenty-five to six. The seniors, with their heads up, pranced up and down the floor like knights showing off for their ladies fair. Richardson saw that his basketball ability wouldn't get him any place so he used football tactics which enabled him to take at least one or two seniors for a roll. Carr was the sensational player for the sophs in basket shooting but Captain Erickson played the best basketball for the sophs. The seniors, with the center Daubert, high point man, share honors with Caswell who played a wonderful defense game. The first half ended by a score of six to nothing.

Between the first and second halves Alexander, one of the mainstays of the senior squad, put on an exhibition of basket shooting. During this exhibition it was noticed that the coach took notes and noted the form of Alexander with his graceful sway, making one basket after another. In the second half Richardson played with the seniors and gave the ball to them to shoot. And they did it. This victory over the sophs gave the seniors the championship of the tournament.

THE LAST GAME

The last game of this tournament was played by the juniors and sophomores. Again the juniors came on the floor with a whirl but were surprised when the sophs came out ahead in the first half; eight to seven. After giving his men a good talking to, Captain Martin, and his men, again entered the gymnasium with a new inspiration or feeling of "never say die." The juniors started their attack. And at the end of the game the score was 18 to 8 in favor of the juniors. This gave them second place in the tournament. Coach Campbell was well pleased with the showing and the points that he got from Richardson and Alexander.

The high point man in the tournament was the senior center who made six field goals and seven free throws. Caswell was next with five field goals. The referee for the last game was Rapp.

—Clarence Daubert.

Jim—Ever see one of those machines that can tell when a person is lying?

John—Seen one? Lord! I married one.—Fenton News.

"I have a fine idea for a slow-motion film," said the author.

"What is it?" asked the producer.

"Two Scotchmen going into a theater to buy tickets."

THE BOYS

I.

There is a young shiek called D. Clark
And in football this year he's a shark.
He plays in de middle
And he's just like a riddle
For no one knows when he starts.

II.

There's a red-headed man called Peel
And about him you'll hear a great deal,
For he uses his head
As Coach Campbell said
And knocks them all for a reel.

III.

There is a young gent known as Flick
And though he's as hard as a brick
He's a tackle, now truly,
And knocks them caffoey
And makes them all look and feel sick.

IV.

There is a young chap called Hi Roe
And he is not any too slow,
For he steps on the gas
When it comes to a pass
And how his appendages go.

V.

There is a young man called Jerry
And the football he surely can carry.
He is a strong end
And as fast as the wind
And surely makes things look quite merry.

VI.

There is a young Swede called Eric
He makes his opponents feel weary.
He is a good half
And as spry as a calf
And the football he surely can carry.

VII.

There is a young boy called A. J.
Who is a squad baby, they say.
The ball he can kick
And in action he's quick
And people get out of his way.

VIII.

There is a young man called Sam
Who works like a battering ram,
He is also an end
And the ball he can send
And the opponents he surely does slam.

—Helen Ruggles.

Mary—Marriage must have made a great change in your life!

Alice—Not at all. I used to sit up half the night waiting for Alfred to go home, and now I sit up waiting for him to come home!

"Is the world round?" a school-ma'am asked the little boy.
"No'm."

"It isn't, eh? Is it flat, then?"

"No'm."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world isn't round and isn't flat, what is it?"

"Pop says it's crooked."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

THE SPIRIT

A NEW ATHLETIC FIELD

Hurrah! The school board and the city council got together the other night and you all know the result. Next year Ames Hi will have an athletic field of its own. It Ames High teams do not profit by this it will be strange. This year, as you know, it was quite a bother to have to change from the swamp to the fair ground every other night. And then we will be accustomed to our own field and this will make a great deal of difference in the ability of the team. When we get this field let's christen it with some good yelling!

Hazel—It took Kenneth 20 lessons to teach me to swim.

Jane—The rascal! He taught me in five.—Tokyo Jonkeno.

SAVED

X.—What street is this?

Y.—Lafayette.

Z.—We are here.—Black and Blue Jay.

JUST LIKE JAPS

The Japanese have a curious custom of taking off their shoes before entering a house. The same custom is observed by married men in this country, but only after midnight.

"OUR TEAM"

Our football boys have done their part,
To give Ames Hi a name,
They practiced every night 'till dark,
And now they've gained their fame.

Our boys were light but had the pep,
And went on the field a victory to get,
They did their best through all the games
And now we're proud that we're from Ames.

—Sarah Sawyer.

FAIR OFFER

She—Can you drive with one hand?

He—No, but I can drive back and get our chauffeur.—Ohio Sun Dial.

She—Do you always take other girls for such long walks?

He—No, it isn't necessary.—Ski-U-Mah.

She—Why do you call your car opportunity?
He—Because it knocks.

One H. S. shiek says he calls his coupe "Mayflower" because so many Puritan girls have landed in it.

Maiden (in lower berth)—Sweet slumber,
kiss my eyelids.

Drunk (in upper berth)—Shay, who ish shish guy Shlumber, anyway?—Widow.



Top row, from left to right—Aplin, Alexander, Kuhn, Briley, Quaal, Graves, Cory, Erickson.
Second row—Howell, Caswell, Cole, Robins, Mr. Vinderlinden, Wickham, Mather.
Third row—Browning, Robinson, Davidson, Mr. Campbell, Miss Evans, Clark, Mr. Wettach, Ruggles.
Fourth row—Richardson, Corey, Flickinger, Allen, Jameson, Roe, Neal.

"A" CLUB

Last year the "A" Club was re-organized to include Athletics, Debate, Judging and Declamatory. Its object is to improve its members in these different activities and to provide a close relationship between the members of each.

Last year the members of the "A" Club coached the different grades in basketball. After three weeks of hard work a Grade School tournament was staged. Pennants were awarded to the winners in each different class.

The "A" Club also started the precedent of an All Grade School Track tournament. Through the kindness of the business men of Ames, who gave prizes, this went across big.

This year the "A" Club plans to add Grade School track and wrestling to the above mentioned.

At its first initiation this year, the "A" Club took in the following: Men who had received their letters in football, the men who had received them in tennis last spring. The trainer of the football team also rode the goat with

We always laugh at our teachers' jokes

No matter how old they be,
Not because they are funny, oh no,
But because it is policy.

—D. Bradley.

Kenneth B.—Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?

Miss E.—Unquestionably.

K. B.—What is it?

Miss E.—I've just told you.

"Don't you love Cole Phillips' women?"

"I would if I had a chance."—Gargoyle.

the rest. The initiation was conducted in the Physics Laboratory. The following men had a very enjoyable time at the initiation: D. Clark, D. Caswell, J. Cole, Jack Graves, Otto Richardson, Hiram Roe, Paul Aplin, Jerry Neal, from football; from tennis, Merle Robins; trainer, Marion Alexander. From all reports we hear that Coach Campbell swings a mean paddle. We regret very much that the girls were not present to help register on these fellows.

The officers of the "A" Club are: Gale Allen, president; "Peely" Jameson, vice president; Lois Robinson, secretary and treasurer.

The "A" Club also has a committee which welcomes the visiting teams to the city and sees that they are taken care of in regard to eating and sleeping places.

The "A" Club has become one of the most influential factors in High School activities and it is responsible for many of the fine things which have come to our High School. It is planning to do more for us in many ways.

The officers of the "A" Club are: Gale Allen, president; "Peely" Jameson, vice president; Lois Robinson, secretary and treasurer.

She—An entire waste of money as far as you're concerned.—Singapore Watchman.

Missionary—During the three years we were on the island, my wife saw only one white face. That was mine.

Paul Haug—How she must have suffered.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Stop, stop!" cried the fussy old gentleman.
"There's a lady just fallen off the bus!"

"It's all right," said the conductor, "she's paid her fare."

Exchange

West High Tatler—West High School, Des Moines

West High School has had a very unique P. T. A. drive. Membership slips were handed out to the students and taken home. The home room groups who went 100 percent were to be entertained by the P. T. A. This was a very good plan and we hope it was successful.

We also see that for many years West High has sent boxes to Europe and has received interesting letters in return. Now, however, they know what they thought of the boxes over there. A little German girl is now in West High and she says that she likes the school fine and that they greatly appreciate the boxes over there.

In the West High Tatler are noticed the pep lines at the bottom of every column. This is a very good idea. For instance: "Fight team fight" and "Hold 'em West" and "Fight 'em up, gang." These could not help but rouse pep.

"Getting By"

There is a good article in the West High Tatler about "Getting By." It stated that "getting by" was a form of dishonesty and that the road to success is long and tedious. The last paragraph was especially good: "Do your work conscientiously, thoroughly, honestly, and with a spirit of hopefulness and enthusiasm and you will have overcome this despised habit of "getting by," you will have won the respect of many friends, and more important, your own self-respect."

The O—Oskaloosa, Iowa

Before the presidential election a straw vote was taken which proved to be very interesting. The Republican party led by a three to one vote.

The Bumble "B"—Boone, Iowa

The Radio Club at Boone High School has resumed its activity. At the first meeting of officers were elected and they have had three meetings since.

"Why does a dog hold his tongue out of his mouth?"

"To balance his tail, you simp."

D. H. S. Porpoise—Daytona, Florida.

We note that on Oct. 10 there was no school in D. H. S. because of a heavy rainfall. The streets became flooded, after a twenty-day rain, which made it impossible for the students to get to school. The canal at the back of the school overflowed its banks and some houses in the lower sections of the city were in danger of having some of their furniture floated away.

(Continued on Page 30)

Music is to take a large part in school activities at Daytona this year. A large Glee Club has been organized and everyone is anxiously awaiting the first public appearance of the orchestra.

The Echo—Luverne, Minnesota

The annual debate club has organized and at the first meeting there was a large attendance.

Also, the annual flag fight took place again this year. First the seniors tried to display their colors on the flagpole, followed by the juniors. It was decided, however, that the flagpole was for the American flag.

The students at Luverne High School have been taking some Inglis Wood Tests, consisting of one hundred and fifty sentences, each containing an underlined word. After each sentence were five more words, one of which was a synonym to the underlined word in the sentence. These synonyms were to be underlined by the students.

The Rail Splitter—Lincoln, Illinois

Some B(s) for your bonnet. Be a booster for Lincoln Community High School.

Be a good student, loyal to yourself and others.

Be at class parties, meetings, or any class activities.

Be prompt to classes. Be courteous to everyone (it will be returned in the same way).

Be quiet in the building. Be natural; don't spread it on.

Be friendly, you are among friends.

Be a booster for High School activities.

Be square and honest with your teachers, they will be the same with you.

Be an opposer of cheating or any form of dishonesty.

Be somebody, not anybody. Be just what you want people to think you are.

Be a good winner and a good loser.

(These are some very good points which each student of Ames High should apply to himself.)

Lincoln High School has a large number of students taking public speaking and dramatics.

The Rail Splitter also contains some good jokes:

He went into a shop to buy a comb. He was a man careful of other people's grammar, and believed himself to be careful of his own.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the assistant.

"No," answered the grammarian. "I want a comb for a stout man with tortoise shell teeth."

Humor



Ruth S.—Something is preying on my mind. Lorraine G.—Never mind, it will die of starvation.

Frances Martin—People say I have eyes just like my father.

Don Caswell—Uh huh, pop-eyed.

Ernest Mc.—Would she let you kiss her? Jack G.—Oh, heavens, no! She isn't that kind.

E. Mc.—She was to me!

Stranger—Where can I get a drink in Ames? Leon F.—Any place but the five and ten-cent store.

Jesse—I never saw such dreamy eyes.

G. Virginia—You never stayed so late.

"Lavon Nunamaker is a pretty nice girl, take her all around."

"Yes, if you take her all around."

Opal Tripp—How do you recognize a gentleman in a crowded street car?

Madlyn Murray—By his general get up.

Ada R.—What's worse than raining cats and dogs?

Opal T.—I don't know.

Ada R.—Hailing street cars.

Babe S. (on street car)—Conductor, why are we riding so smoothly now?

Conductor—We're off the track.

Ruth C.—Is he a nice boy?

Anita S.—No, dear; I think you'll like him.

Peely Jameson—What is the date, please? Miss Douglas—Never mind the date, the examination is more important.

Peely—Well, I wanted to have something right.

First Tea-hound—Won't you join me in a cup of tea?

Second Tea-hound—Well, you get in and I'll see if there is any room left.

Quinton Q.—Yes, I dance off and on. Melba A.—That's what my feet think.

D. Duck—I had such a lovely nut sundae. Sarah Jane—I have one calling tonight.

Art Ruggies—Dad, am I made of dust?" Dad—I think not.

Art—Why not, dad? Dad—if you were you would dry up once in a while.

Ethel Roll—Were you ever in love? LaVonne N.—That's my business. Ethel Roll—Well, how is business?

M. Neal—How did Tom Carberry get that wave in his hair?

H. King—Oh, there was a ripple in the water when he was baptized.

Interested Student—Where does Vanderlin den get that line of his?

Mrs. Van.—He used to take oratory in a barber's college.

Maurine Clay—Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here!

Ruth Clay—You bad girl, run along this very instant.

Vic Flickinger—I understand that while your back was turned a thief stole your car.

Hookie Harter—Yes, I didn't like to laugh in his face.

Honey D.—Darling, I've a question I've wanted to ask you for weeks.

Frances Cole—Go ahead—I've had an answer ready for months.

Bill—You know I only live to make you happy.

Lucille—Dear me, you ought not to go to all that trouble.

W. A. X.—I fell for her the first time I saw her.

W. O. I.—Did you break any bones?

W. A. X.—Yes, every bone in my pocket-book.

Miss Lynch—All right, now, run up the curtain.

Art Ruggles—Say, what do you think I am? A squirrel?

Helen R.—Lyle R. is what I'd call a "sound" man.

Art. R.—How's that?

Helen R.—Well, isn't he our yell leader?

Miss Evans—I don't believe anyone would really rather give than receive, do you?

Vic F.—That shows you never were a football player!

S. S.—I hear Lucille keeps a scrap book.

M. G.—Yes, a diary of all her quarrels with Bill.

Frances Rodgers—Does bleaching the hair lead to softening of the brain?

Charlotte Hoon—No, it's generally the softening of the brain that leads to bleaching the hair.

Jerry N.—Took my girl to a dance in a taxi last night and when we got there the company owed me \$2.50.

Gale A.—How's that?

Jerry N.—Well, something went wrong with the taxi and we had to drive backwards the whole way.

McCURDY'S Barber Shop Under Commercial Savings Bank

*A complete assortment of
Whitman and Foss Candies
for Xmas at
THE
CHOCOLATE
SHOP*

For
Tender
Skins

GLYCERINE

Lowry & Theis
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS
217 Main St. Ames, Iowa

Gale—I'm going to give you a ring tonight.
Dorothy—A beautiful diamond?
Gale—No, just a phone call.

Miss Douglas—Are you going to give any presents this year?

Miss Davis—No; everything I got last year was useful.

Edna M. (in Home Ec. class, consulting cook-book)—Oh, my, that cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet!

Mrs. M.—Winifred, why don't you take that young man around to the back of the house so that he can see the sunrise.

"Why do you suppose Mr. Vanderlinden only invited married people to his wedding?"

"Well, in that way he figured all the presents would be clear profit."

Don. Kennedy (after a forty-minute conversation)—Hello, Central! Can't I get a better line?

Central (who had heard most of it)—What's the matter with the one you have?

Mrs. Garo (in Caesar class)—When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?

Melba A.—On Examination Day.

Frances Cole—Father said if you came to-night I must not see you.

Honey Daubert—He meant I should turn out the light.

Marjorie Neal—Officer, catch that man running there. He tried to kiss me!

Officer—S'all right, miss. There'll be another along in a minute.

Fern Roll—Are you going to marry for love?
Lucille Foster—I think I will the first time.

Edna Mortenson (coyly)—Do you believe in leap year?

Fred Welch (frightened)—Now, you leave me alone.

Howard Chase—My dear, poets are born, not made.

Marcella Howell—I know it. I wasn't blaming you.

"See the dancing snowflakes."
"Practicing for the snowball, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Waitress—It looks like rain.
Eater—Yes, but it tastes a little like soup.

She—if he proposes shall I consider him?

Father—No, take him.

It will pay you to visit MANFIELD & GORDON Clothing Store

The Best Value for the
Least Money.

"Why does a dog hold his tongue out of his mouth?"

"To balance his tail, you simp."

Son—What part of speech is woman?
Father—My son, she is not a part of speech, she is all of it.—Exchange.

Boys don't usually care about keeping that "School Girl Complexion." That's the reason they brush the powder off their coats as soon as they get home.—Georgia Yellow Jacket.

He—I wish I were a girl so that I might kiss you.

She—I wish you were a man so that I might be willing to let you kiss me.—Burr.

Dum—Is there any way to make the women dress decently?

Bell—Certainly there is, kill off the men.—Pitt Panther.

She—Sheep are certainly stupid animals.
He—Yes, my lamb.—Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family."

"There must be."—Yale Record.

HENDERSON FURNITURE COMPANY

“The store
whose customers
are its
advertisers”

"She screamed for help when I kissed her."
 "Did you run?"
 "No, I gave her another helping."

Lady—Look at that tramp wearing spats.
 Tramp (overhearing remark)—Ma'am, dese
 is swede shoes wid de bottoms warn off!—Pur-
 ple Cow.

He—May I?
 She—May you what?
 He—Oh, never mind.
 She—Fool!

"You may go as far as you like," she said
 softly. So they drove on five miles farther be-
 fore starting home.—Lord Jeff.

Circus Man—The leopard has escaped. Shoot
 him on the spot.
 Guard—Which spot?

Would you say "yes" if I should say I would
 ask you to marry me?
 Would you ask me to marry you if I should
 say I would say "yes" if you should ask me?

"I don't believe she'll take good care of her
 children."
 "Why not?"
 "Her wrist-watch always has a dirty face."

This Will Be a Big Shoe Christmas

We are headquarters for the
 best in Shoes and Hosiery.
 Come here for practical
 Christmas Gifts.

Merry Christmas to All

Ames Bootery

There's the Pleasure

*of giving good candy and
 the added pleasure of giving
 it in*

Whitman's

SAMPLER

**JUDISCH BROS.
 DRUG STORE**

A HIGH SCHOOL ROMANCE

He met her at her locker,
 He helped her get her books,
 They passed each other in the hall
 With tender longing looks.

She sat in the assembly,
 He sat by her side,
 He passed her on her way to town,
 And asked if she would ride.

He took her to a party
 And then out to a dance;
 He often walked with her to school,
 But always just by chance.

Then he had her picture,
 His class pin she wore,
 As a token that their friendship
 Should last forever more.

But this little romance ended
 As they're very apt to do.
 She took a date with someone else,
 He said that he was through.

—Ethel Davidson.

"I wish to advertise for a wife through your
 Want Ad Columns."

"Yes, sir. Under what classification: Busi-
 ness Chances, Pet Stock or Household Fix-
 tures?"

THE SUGAR PILL

I met the maiden I adore
 Upon the avenue;
 She wore a stunning tailor gown,
 A dream of gold and blue.
 A chap I hate was at her side,
 And both of them, alas!
 Were so absorbed in merry chat
 That neither saw me pass.

I watched them enter a cafe,
 Where oft' we used to dine;
 My fancy saw them, vis-a-vis
 Across the fruit and wine.
 But one reflection gave a coat
 Of sugar to the pill:
 This time it was the other man
 Who had to pay the bill!

—Pitt Panther.

THE AVERAGE ONE

—Dresses as if she were 20.
 —Talks as if she were 30.
 —Looks as if she were 40.
 —Hasn't any more sense than if she were 10.
 —The Columns.

He—Your dancing is like a poem.
 She—Yes, yes, go on.
 He—An Amy Lowell poem; the feet are all
 mixed up.

D. J. Bullock Hdw. Co.

Sporting Goods

Auto Supplies

House Furnishing Goods

PAINTS and VARNISH

DO YOU KNOW THESE GIRLS?

Sara Nade—The musical girl.
 Minnie Mum—Smallest girl.
 Ella Gant—Stylish girl.
 Jennie Rosita—Big-hearted girl.
 Anna Mosity—Spiteful girl.

A Meat Boy's Love

I never sausage eyes as thins;
 And if you'll butcher hand in mins,
 And liver round me every day.
 We'll seek some ham-let far away.
 We'll meat lifee's frown with life's caress
 And cleaver road to happiness.

—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course you know the best place to buy Xmas Gifts is at

**GODARD'S
 GIFT SHOP**

Thousands of things to select
 from—also Martha Washington
 and other good Candies.

A sailor has no E Z time,
 When on the D P sails,
 It's R D finds, aloft to climb
 Exposed to I C gales.
 And then in K C makes a slip
 Or if he D Z grows
 A tumble off the R D ship,
 And into the C E goes.

We always laugh at the teachers' jokes,
 No matter how old they be,
 Not because they are funny, oh, no,
 But because it is policy.

—Donald Bradley.

EXCHANGES
(Continued from page 22)

Drury Academy—North Adams, Massachusetts

The Juniors voted to choose a design for a class ring which would be used by each succeeding class. Anyone might compete to provide the winning design.

Maid: "Ay vent to dat movie last night."

Mistress: "Scaramouche?"

Maid: "No! not ver' mooth."

Some Latin Notes Concerning Cicero

Mrs. Garo is my teacher, I shall not pass;
She maketh me to translate long passages,
She exposteth my ignorance to the whole class,
She restoreth my sorrow,
She causeth me to desire deceitful methods
for my pride's sake;

Yea, though I study unto midnight,
I shall not gain my knowledge,
For the lessons in Cicero sorely puzzle me,
And the political scandals distress me.
She prepareth a test of great length for me,
She giveth me a low mark,
My tears runneth over;
Surely failure shall follow me all the days of
my life,
And I shall dwell in the Latin class forever.
Credit—"The Rail Splitter."

"I confided the secret of our engagement to
three of my dearest friends."

"Three all told?"

"Yes, all told!"—Life.

Disconsolate One—I wish I were dead!
Consoler—Why? Can't you marry her—or
did you?—Newark Dispatch.

"Stop, stop!" cried the fussy old gentleman.
"There's a lady just fallen off the bus!"

"It's all right," said the conductor, "she's
paid her fare."—Life.

Prof.: "Mr. Flack, how do you decline a
drink?"

Flack: "My dear sir, that is something I
never decline."

George Akin: "Do you mind if I smoke?"
Opal T.: "Yes; I just hate the taste of to-
bacco."

Mandy: "You all know, Rastus, dat yo' re-
mind me of dem dere flyin' machines?"

Rastus: "How's dat?"

Mandy: "You'all am no good on earth."

May: "Doesn't horseback riding make your
head ache?"

Fay: "No, somehow it's just the opposite."

Jerry Feroe: "Hurry and you'll catch the
street car."

Fred Young: "No, thanks, I'm in a hurry to-
day."

Robins: "Can we leave this Ford cushion
here all nite?"

Farmer: "Sure; where's your car?"

M. H.: "Somebody hooked it."

Wanted, within the next two months, a well
experienced barber who knows how to cut a
prof's hair in a lasting way. Call Mr. Lare in
the Chemistry room.

Lost! A pair of number three shoes some-
time between the years 1880 and 1885. Re-
ward. Return to Charles Ernest Wygant.

I gave her a box of rouge for Christmas, but
I got it all back when she thanked me for it.

You can't choose your own name, but you
can pick your own teeth?

Louise B.: "I haven't slept for days!"
Ruth C.: "What's the matter, sick?"
L. B.: "No; I sleep nites."

Valentino would have to look to his laurels
if Alec was turned loose in a movie colony.

Bosworth Drug Store

134 Main St.

Makes a specialty of Kodaks and
Eastman Photograph Goods and Sher-
win-Williams Co. Paints and Var-
nishes.

BEST ELECTRIC CO.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL
RADIO SUPPLIES
VACUUM CLEANERS
ELECTRIC WASHERS
ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES
ELECTRIC RANGES

"So he proposed to you on a postcard. Did
you accept?"

"No, do you think I'd marry a man who
didn't care two cents for Me?"

"I adore Keats!"

"Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot still likes
children."

The world is full of willing people—some
willing to work and the rest willing to let
them.

"Who is that man wearing a black robe? Is
he a chimney sweep?"

"No, he is a K.K.K. from Pittsburgh."

He (meeting her at railroad station)—
Where are your clothes?

She—In my bag.

He—And where is your bag?

She (holding up vanity case)—Here.

He—Say, lady, this is a Prom, not a swim-
ming meet.—Chanticleer.

"So you promise to take my daughter from
me without any warning."

"Not at all. If there is anything concerning
her you want to warn me about, I'm willing to
listen."

Priscilla—Going down hill yesterday I
stripped the gears.

Prim—O-o-o-oh! How terrible! Did they
show?—Purple Cow.

Wife—D'y'e know you're growing quite hand-
some, John?

Husband—Yes, Mary, it's a way I have when
it gets anywhere near your birthday.—Tit-Bits.

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten min-
utes)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest—No, I was tolling. I thought you
were dead.—Foresight.

"I got Cuba last night on my single tube
set."

"That's nothing. I got Greece on my vest."
—Ohio State Sun Dial.

A stag is a well-dressed chap who thinks he
is good looking, and goes to social brawls to
let the girls know that he is single—Ski-U-Mah.

The reason more of us are not spending the
bleak days in the south is that we were born
good looking instead of rich.

Many a man who would like a gold watch
for Christmas will have to be satisfied with
the usual necktie.

**THE NEW EDISON
BABY CONSOLE MODEL**

The new Edison has recently added this beautiful cabinet to its
group of console models, in response to a definite demand from
the world of music.

Conservative design, perfect mechanism and attractive price
are the requirements met in the Baby Console. It may be just
the phonograph you would like to own. May we show you this
charming model?

Other Models \$60.00 to \$325.00

QUADE STUDIO

417 Main St.

New Records Weekly

Ames, Iowa

Tell Dad

The surest way to avoid annoying battery trouble this winter is to consult with us.

Philadelphia Diamond-Grid Batteries

and all kinds of ignition service.

Ames Storage Battery Co.
Masonic Bldg. Phone 418



The Holiday Dessert Brick Ice Cream

From every point of view there's nothing like O'Neil's Velvet Ice Cream to satisfy after a hearty Christmas or New Year's meal. It's the one dessert that is appreciated by every member of the family.

For the holidays we have our Bricks made up in special flavors. Order in plenty of time to insure prompt delivery.

O'NEIL DAIRY CO.

Phone 62

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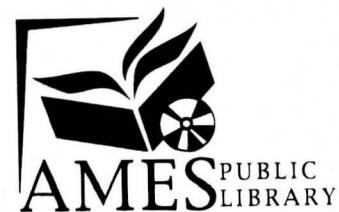


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You'll look better and
feel better in one of
our snappy
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\$20 to \$35

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active, but wait until you see the clothes, unlike
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